

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1861.

DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1864.

Price 50 A Year, in Advance.

Whole Number Twenty, Sixth.

THE COMET.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY F. T.

Far in the midnight sky,
In the deep silence of the summer night,
Whitening the heavens with its pallid ray,
It steals upon my sight.

Solemn upon the heart
Falls the strange influence of that wanderer's
beam,
Like some pale phantom from the unknown
world,
Or spirit of a dream.

Vainly my thoughts would trace
The awful circle of its wondrous way,
Or fathom the far wilderness of space
Marked by its ghostlike ray.

Where are the forms that moved
On our poor earth, oh! wanderer on high;
Where the high bounding hearts that lived and
loved,
When thou before wert nigh!

Long have they passed away,
And perished like the memory of a dream:
The untainted eyes which wondering gazed of
yore
On thy pale spectral beam.

Now, on our native earth
Armies are mustering for the battle-strife,
Bold spirits past to win their glory-ray,
Or yield their transient life.

Few years—and they shall lie
With the rest of mortals in the dust;
Even like you, doctor, with fading by,
Bright—glittering—aded—died.

And thou wilt come again,
E'en where thy train of misty light now waves,
From the celestial night of years to come,
Wilt shine upon our graves.

Yet in our fleeting breaths—
Oh! glorious stranger of the northern sky!
Dwell sparks whose orbit is eternity:
Souls that can never die.

When all you kingly stars,
Which sit so proudly on their thrones to-night,
Seeming immortal with their steadfast eyes,
So still—so calm—so bright—

When all those starry kings,
Like fading tapers, one by one shall wane,
Our souls, our trembling souls, so transient here,
Shall rise—shall live again.

Forever! may He who made
Man for endeavor, and the stars to shine,
Be with thee on thy solitary path,
And guide me safe through mine.

A PAINTER'S COURTSHIP

CHAPTER I.

It was a fine May evening when, encompassed by a great deal of luggage, I drove up in a noisy "four-wheeler" to the door of No. 6, Wilhelmstrasse.

No. 6 was to be my residence, as I supposed, for two months. It was not wonderful, therefore (considering I had never been in the neighborhood before), "at I should look about me in some anxiety as the vehicle stopped. A glance at the house set my mind, to a certain extent, at rest. Its aspect was unquestionably respectable. I noted with satisfaction the spotless doorstep, and the broad, newly-painted front-door. And further, the page, who promptly answered the cabman's ring, was so trim and smart, and the hall within spoke so clearly of comfort, that I quickly laid aside my misgivings altogether.

On entering, I was met by Dr. Duncombe, the owner of the house, who, although hitherto a total stranger to me, greeted me with the greatest cordiality, and entirely dissipated the feeling of awkwardness which I usually experience upon introduction to unfamiliar scenes and persons.

And my host's politeness extended beyond words. So soon as my numerous packages were safely lifted from the cab, he proceeded to conduct me to my rooms himself.

"You will like," he said, "to see your quarters before joining us in the drawing-room. I hope we have been able to meet your requirements with regard to a temporary studio. You shall see."

I did see, and was well satisfied. Meanwhile, nothing could exceed the frank courtesy of the doctor's manner.

"There is," he said, in an apologetic tone, as he was about to leave me, "one circumstance connected with the household which, by your leave, I will mention."

I bowed.

"We have residing with us," proceeded the doctor, "a young lady whose painful position makes us anxious to treat her with the greatest consideration and indulgence. She is beautiful, and accomplished; but sorrow and misfortune have rendered her remarkably shy and sensitive. Her father, once possessed of large property, lost the whole of that property in a single day, and

is now, unfortunately, in a county lunatic asylum. The daughter, with praiseworthy effort, is maintaining herself by teaching. But I fear—I fear—lost her reason. Sometimes I even fancy—But I merely mention these facts that you may be enabled to avoid such subjects of conversation as might be painful to her. You understand me?"

"Entirely," I answered.

"And what refreshment may I order you?" inquired the doctor as he went away.

I said I would "go in for tea," having dined already.

"Very good," was the answer. "Tea is just going up. It will be quite ready by the time you are prepared to join us. As soon as you please, come to the drawing-room, when I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to Mrs. Duncombe."

And here let me tell the reader that I am a painter, residing in the West of England, and possessed of a small private fortune; that at the time of which I write I was on a visit to London (partly professional), and just then aged thirty years; and that an old friend of mine had been the means of introducing me into the establishment of Dr. Duncombe. I may add that Dr. Duncombe—or, more properly, Mr. Duncombe—was a surgeon, whose practice, although (as I had been informed) considerable, was not so remunerative as to render him superior to the necessity of receiving boarders into his house. My friend, having some slight acquaintance with Mrs. Duncombe's family, had secured for me the convenient quarters I have described, knowing it to be my wish to board in some respectable household, where I should avoid, on the one hand, the heavy expenses of a *Went-and-board*, and, on the other, the numerous petty inconveniences of ordinary lodgings. By Mr. F. T. I was entirely satisfied with my friend's choice.

Having completed my toilet, I went down to the drawing-room. It may be confessed that I did so with some trepidation. I am a shy man, and have a dread of new people. Besides, the description given me of the young lady inmate had awakened within me a strange agitating curiosity. The moment of introduction to her appeared to me to be one of serious importance. As I stood upon the white mat at the drawing-room door I wished it was that time to-morrow. As I entered, the room looked cheerful. By this time evening was closing in; the blinds therefore were down, and the lamp was lighted. Dr. Duncombe rose at once and introduced me to his wife. Her face was like that of a person reflected in the convex of a spoon held vertically. The upper part was, out of all proportion, larger than the lower. But, notwithstanding this, her gentle and ladylike bearing immediately attracted me.

A second lady who was present I conceived to be the one of whom I had already heard. Nor was I mistaken. Miss Coles, as I immediately discovered, was exceedingly young, and of no ordinary beauty. Upon the announcement of my name she looked up at me with a peculiar, shy, and inquiring expression, and, bowing slightly, instantly bent her eyes again upon the work which had been absorbing her attention at the moment of my entrance. "Poor girl," I thought. "There is certainly, as the doctor hinted, something queer about her."

Seated at the table, I had an opportunity, such as had not before been afforded me, of examining the person of my host.

Is there any subtle science awaiting future discovery which shall explain to us the causes of those strange antipathies that sometimes arise, without apparent reason, between us and certain of our fellow-creatures? I may as well at once inform the reader that during my first gaze at Dr. Duncombe's face I conceived towards him a feeling of strong dislike. Notwithstanding the continued affability of his manner, every succeeding glance at his features confirmed the unfavorable impression. I argued with myself, however, that my rising aversion was unreasonable. True, the doctor could boast no facial attractions. His features were of a common type. His complexion was of that order which colors the whole face, neck, and ears, with a uniform brick-dust red; and his hair, light and straight, threw about its ragged points in all directions.

But although Dr. Duncombe was far from being handsome, there was really nothing about him, I reflected, to warrant my feeling of dislike. He continued during the whole evening to be exceedingly polite and attentive to me, and his one object appeared to be to make me thoroughly at my ease. None of his civilities, however, could obliterate the impression which his face had made upon me at the first inspection.

After tea the doctor proposed a rubber of whist. The ladies readily assented, as though the idea were no unfamiliar one. I, too, as a matter of course, agreed; and a minute or two more found me established at the card-table, with Miss Coles for my partner.

I now examined that young lady more closely than I had done before. It cost me no prolonged scrutiny to satisfy myself that her beauty was even greater than I had at first supposed. She was certainly under twenty. But while her appearance and manner were entirely girlish, there rested upon her soft gray eyes an indescribable expression of melancholy; and her generally downcast countenance often wore a singularly abashed and pre-occupied air.

As the game went on I discovered that she



THE VOLUME OPENED AT PAGE 530—HEADED "STRYCHNIA."

cess was not likely to attend my partner and myself. On scarcely any occasion did Miss Coles return my lead; and she repeatedly trumped cards of mine, which, by a moment's reflection, she might have perceived would suffice to secure the tricks. However, the stakes were nil. Moreover, the young lady opposite me was so fascinating, that her blunders interested rather than annoyed me.

After a while the doctor was called down stairs to a patient, and it rested with me, therefore, to sustain a conversation.

This was difficult, and my success was limited. The doctor's absence was prolonged, and my position became embarrassing. Music, however, presently came to my assistance. At my request Miss Coles went to the pianoforte and seated herself at the instrument. She sang a beautiful "Lied," by Mendelssohn, accompanying herself with the greatest precision and taste.

This paved the way to something like continuous talk between the young lady and myself. Her intelligence and refinement now manifested themselves plainly. I could not but remark, however, that it was only while I spoke of matters belonging to her case, to all intelligent persons alike, that she was at her ease. Any allusion on my part, however accidental and remote, to her own attainments and tastes, seemed to close her lips immediately, and to throw around her again the veil of strange and impenetrable reserve, which it had been so difficult to deal with at first. I did not, consequently, make much way; but I felt that I was impressed myself.

The doctor did not return till we had been summoned down stairs to supper. He apologized, as he seated himself at the head of the table, for his long absence; and went on to explain that a patient—a personal friend of his—was laboring under a malady of a most serious character; that he had been watching him since he left us with the greatest anxiety; and that he might probably be sent for to him again shortly.

I remarked that medical men must find it difficult to shake off in their own homes distressing remembrances of the sorrowful scenes at which their professional duties were continually demanding their presence.

"My dear sir," answered the doctor, as he mixed himself a comfortable glass of toddy, "you are right. It is difficult, but it is not impossible. Our own health and the happiness of our friends demand that we should make the effort to be cheerful. We make it, and we succeed. I am rarely weighed down for any length of time by what I witness as a professional man."

This I could easily believe. On the present occasion the doctor's spirits appeared to be po-

sitively raised; and they certainly did not decline after the toddy had been disposed of.

"A most ladylike creature," said my host, shaking his head ominously when Miss Coles had retired. "A most ladylike and charming creature. But—" he added, tapping his forehead.

I was annoyed; for I did not believe he had any ground for entertaining such a view as this implied of Miss Coles's mental condition. But I made no reply, and shortly afterwards rose and left the room.

No, I did not like the doctor, and, further, I felt satisfied that he did not like me; and, in spite of all his outward civility, he had told me, in some wordless and inexplicable but yet unmistakable manner, that he did not want me in his house.

As I fell asleep I fancied (possibly with reference to my musical converse with Miss Coles) that I was the key-note in D major. Mr. Duncombe was the dominant, Miss Coles the major third above me, while the doctor and his patient broke in upon our harmony dissonantly, being represented by clashing accidentals.

And these musical fancies were but the prelude to dreams still more extraordinary, which, however, it is not necessary to relate.

CHAPTER II.

It is impossible for me to describe the sensations which I experienced on waking. For anything I knew to the contrary I was still reclining on the bed upon which I had fallen asleep. There I lay to have been. There, of course, I expected to find myself. There, however, I certainly was not. I was sitting, not lying down; and I seemed to be located in some room far larger than that in which I had last resigned my waking consciousness. Whether I was myself or some other person; whether it was here or hereafter, were questions which for a while I felt myself wholly unable to solve. The utter confusion of my ideas, combined with a sense of great bodily discomfort, awakened within me a feeling amounting to terror. Surely I must have lost my senses, or I should be able to comprehend my position and circumstances! I involuntarily clutched with all my might the nearest object I could lay hold of, in the unconscious endeavor to assure myself that I still owned a material frame, and had not yet taken my departure from the physical world.

The act seemed to arouse my reasoning powers. It gradually became clear to me that I had been walking in my sleep. I now remembered once in my life before having done the same thing. A little further reflection showed me that I had found my way down stairs to the dining-room,

where, in almost perfect darkness and in sleeping gait, I was now seated!

Persons who have never experienced such an awakening can have no conception of the horror of it. My first impulse, of course, was to return to my room. An overwhelming sense of the extreme awkwardness and absurdity of my situation impelled me to make for it with all stealthy speed. How unutterably embarrassing to be discovered by any inmate of the house in my present position! How provoking that this should have occurred during absence from home; that this uneasy consciousness should have visited me under circumstances the most inconvenient!

A small gas jet was burning in the hall. The doctor was of course often called up at night, and this was left alight for his convenience. By the help of the dim flame I could see that the hands of the clock above pointed to the hour of two. With eager surveillance I crossed the cold stone floor of the hall, and began to feel my way up the stairs.

At this moment, however, I heard a creaking noise above, and saw a light, clearly that of a candle carried by some person coming down the stairs. What was I to do? The object most desirable of attainment at the moment seemed to be concealment. I precipitately fed back to the dining-room; and, remembering that double doors opened from that chamber into the study or private room, wherein the doctor, as he had told me, received his patients, I silently unlocked the first door (a cold one) and took up my miserable position between that and the second, (which was partly of glass, and curtained,) ignominiously crouching down to avoid detection from the study.

At no moment of my existence had I ever before been in such a predicament as now; and yet so unaccountably ridiculous was my position that I could scarcely restrain my laughter. The only consolation which afforded me the slightest consolation was this—somehow or other, in a short space of time, the terrible suspense would be at an end.

The light appeared in the study. I raised myself, and found that the curtain was so disposed that I could see into the room without any danger of being observed myself. The doctor had entered and was seated at the table, apparently lost in thought.

If his face had displeased me before, it now produced within me a feeling of absolute horror. The suavity of expression which had previously somewhat disguised the badness of the countenance was now wholly wanting. The mouth was set in hard, cruel compression. The piercing gray eyes shone with a peculiar sharp brightness. The brows were lowering, and every feature twitched with nervous excitement.

My attention, in fact, was wholly drawn away from my own situation. I felt persuaded that the thoughts of the man before me were wicked thoughts. I found myself watching him narrowly, as it were spell-bound, and waiting for positive outward manifestation of the evil whose existence I could not doubt.

After long cogitation a doctor rose, and took from the bookshelves a volume. The movement was so clearly connected with his previous meditations that I particularly noted the position which the book had occupied upon the shelves, intending to inform myself in the morning of its title and contents.

The volume was studied for some time; and as the doctor rose to replace it where he had taken it from, I distinctly heard him utter these words:

"Why the deuce hasn't it told before now?" The savage whisper in which the sentence was pronounced made my blood run cold. "Heaven!" I thought, "here, sure enough, is the crime I suspected: but how is it possible for me to interfere?"

At this juncture there was a loud, impatient ring at the surgery bell. The sound could have been no unfamiliar one to the doctor even at that hour of night; but the sudden start, almost leap of alarm which he gave upon hearing it, struck me as curiously corroborative of the idea that his mind had been occupied upon no legitimate scheme.

The surgery opened into the study, and the doctor at once obeyed the summons. A minute passed, and then I heard him talking with some person whose tone of voice indicated hurry and consternation. Of what was said, but little that I could distinguish reached my ears. I did, however, catch a name—*Greenwood*—and part of an address—*Queen Square*.

I now hastened quietly from my place of concealment, and regained my bedroom without discovery, meeting with no worse mishap on the way than an alarming stumble over my own boots at the bedroom door.

On reaching my bed I slept soundly till morning, when the stir of the London streets, to which, as a countryman, I was not much accustomed, aroused me early.

CHAPTER III.

The morning light modified for the time being my suspicions of the doctor, and my susceptibility with regard to Miss Coles. As I dressed, my main feelings were those of annoyance at the anomalous visitation which I had experienced, and of anxiety to escape anything of the kind in future.

that I might be able to discover such further
leads as might make my course of duty clear.
As I entered the house it occurred to me that I

ther at 238a240. To those desirous of making profitable speculation, we would suggest the propriety of purchasing gold from Mr. Jay Cooke, and selling it at once to Mr. Drexel."

A machine in Paris prints one hundred
ten-de-vinette a minute.



SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PHILADELPHIA BRANCH,
1807 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALHOUN COPE, Treasurer,
N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor Sts., Philadelphia.

Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

Mrs. M. B. GRUBB, Chairman.
Mrs. B. H. MOORE, Sec. Gen.
Mrs. GEORGE PLATT, Sec. Gen.
Mrs. F. M. CLAPP, Asst. Sec.
Mrs. W. H. FURNER.
Mrs. LATHROP.
Miss M. M. DEANE.

We give additional extracts from Mrs. Holstein's diary, believing that her recent tour through portions of our state on behalf of the Sanitary Commission will make it interesting to our readers, as showing the work the Relief Corps is doing in the army.

WHITE-HOUSE, VIRGINIA,
June 4th.

Continued fighting, and the wounded being sent in large numbers. Mr. H. and I, with others of Relief Corps up nearly all night, feeding the long trains of wounded just arrived; made 1 cauldron of farina, 2 buckets milk punch, several gallons of tea, which, with crackers, was carried around by the Corps.

5th of June.—A very busy day; many trains of wounded have arrived, requiring all that we can do for them. Wm. Schell came from the front, bringing the body of his brother the Colonel, who fell dead, shot through the neck. The body was embalmed here, and with Gen. Dana's consent, he accompanied the body home.

6th of June.—Kept a record of amount of food prepared in our kitchen during the day, which was given to Dr. Parrish and Mr. Williams; busy as possible in the tent and on the ground. Dr. Cornish brought another train of wounded—we now number over 5,000, which are sent off as rapidly as transportation can be furnished. To my other duties, I add the dressing of such wounds as I think are not too serious, where men lie on the ground in the sun by hundreds, so one can avoid doing what she can to relieve their sufferings. Heavy thunderstorm; and heavy cannonading plainly heard during the night.

7th of June.—Work goes on day and night, with little variation; in every train coming in from the front, are found some who, weary of life, have gone to rest, without the kind words and tender ministrations which we at home love to lavish upon those who we know are entering the "dark valley." One instance among many—one of our party, while distributing the estates at night, noticed a corporal's arm stretched out for it, called "that it is for the corporal." The answer came, "he had been dead for hours." Many must of necessity be buried at once, by the roadside, or where it may chance to be; but if possible the bodies are brought here, and interred in our little cemetery, where now rest over 150 of our noble dead, making this desolate land truly "sacred soil." Near our cemetery is the burying ground of the Pennsylvania campaign. The graves remain as they were left two years ago, some few of the inscriptions still legible. I only noticed the grave of one officer, "Maj. D. H. Van Valkenburg, 1st N. Y. Artillery; killed 31st of May, 1862." The inscription on a head-board at the grave of a Sergeant, was recut by a comrade on the second anniversary of his death.

9th of June.—The same record, busy as ever. In the train of wounded brought in by Dr. Cornish, was a man of the 2d Corps, who had lain for five days between the breastworks of the two armies without any care or food—more than the little left in his knapsack; one leg was amputated there, and the other dressed, and the man sent to this place, from here to Washington. Will recover, the doctor thinks.

11th of June.—Many wounded sent away; some few brought back through the hot sun. To-day we are comparatively idle. Had a grand dinner for our poor fellows. A train of 200 wounded brought in this evening.

12th of June.—Packing up ready to move. Sanitary Commission tent and kitchen removed. All the 2d Corps relief agents dined with us. Fed 1,000 soldiers to-day. Many officers worn out and weary, as well as the men.

13th of June.—Almost as busy as ever. Fed 500 at breakfast. Gen. Owen and Aid called. At dinner not quite as many to provide for. Packing and unpacking. Sent all we could spare on Sanitary Commission baggage; preparing rations for the trip.

14th of June.—Most of the wounded hurried off to-day. All that can in any way hobble to the wharf do so. All in confusion; taking down tents, and generally preparing for a sudden move. A few sick and wounded still remain. Guerrillas near us. Two of our soldiers, who went beyond our picket lines, were caught, stripped of their clothing, and sent back to camp. There is no use attempting to forage beyond the pickets, though the temptation is strong to do so.

17th of June.—On the James River. Anchored, with the rest of the fleet, at Fort Powhatan. From here we can see the army moving to the pontoon bridge. Two corps and the supply train have crossed. Pontoon taken up this evening, and we move above Wilson's Landing.

18th of June.—Move on up the James River; pass Harrison's Landing and other noted points, and at 9 A. M. anchored at City Point; landed at one o'clock; town filled with wounded. In the evening walked two miles through the dust, out to our hospital ground, which is on the bank of the Appomattox; heavy firing. Some of our party called to see Gen. Grant.

19th of June.—Prisoners passing, and wounded coming in from front. They report Petersburg taken. Heavy firing still plainly heard on our boat. I should have remarked, under date of 17th, that we had with us on the boat, all the way from White House to Fort Powhatan, two most noted scouts of our army, Captain Kline and a Sergeant. They had been very near Richmond, and were pursued by the rebels within half a mile of our lines. Were landed by Dr. Burmeister, to make their way to Gen. Grant; were very prudent and reserved in their remarks; were unharmed until they asked to be put ashore.

Work, work—day and night—and such work, as at home we would have thought impossible. One of our principal surgeons remarked that General Grant said he expected we would remain in this location about one month.

Rapidly picking tents—will soon have them filled.

A. M. H.

The Closing Scenes of the Great Central Fair.

One of the grandest spectacles it has ever been our good fortune to witness was presented at the Fair buildings last night. The closing ceremonies were announced to take place at 8 o'clock, and at that hour Union Avenue presented the appearance of a vast sea, extending with human voices. The long lines of gas-lights, the thousands of flags, the mingled trophies of war and emblems of humanity, with which the noble hall was decorated, the splendid waves distributed so plentifully around, the strains of music, and last, though not least, the grand sweep of the beautiful nave itself, made up a scene not witnessed once in a century, and which will be a life-long recollection to all who were privileged to be present.

At the hour named above, a procession composed of the Right Rev. Bishop Potter, the members of the Executive Committee, and other gentlemen who have been active in the good work, moved up the avenue preceded by and flanked by policemen, and accompanied by a band of music which played a national air. The gentlemen composing the procession walked uncovered, and as they passed along through the dense crowd flags and handkerchiefs were waved, and enthusiastic cheers were given. The persons in the procession ascended to the Music Gallery at the west end of the avenue, and when quiet was obtained prayer was offered by Bishop Potter.

The prayer was followed by the singing of the doxology commencing with

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"

in which the people joined and which was sung with great effect. This was followed by a brief speech by John Welsh, Esq., Chairman of the Executive Committee, who was greeted with enthusiastic cheers when he came forward.

The Star Spangled Banner was then sung by the people, accompanied by Carl Senta's band, and the noble anthem was never sung by a more enthusiastic multitude, upon a more touching occasion, or in a grander hall than last night. We saw the tears roll down the cheeks of strong men as they shouted out in verse their devotion to the dear old flag that domestic traitors have insulted and attempted to degrade. At the close of the singing of the Star Spangled Banner a voice in the crowd called for Yankee Doodle; the band immediately struck up that air, and such a scene of enthusiasm as followed, is beyond description. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs, the men threw up their hats and shouted, and flags were waved in every direction.—*Evening Bulletin.*

DONATIONS.

The Women's Peace Branch United States Sanitary Commission acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies, since the last report:—

Aid Society, Dushore, Sullivan co., 1 box, 1 bag, Mrs. Lathrop Aid Society, Russellville, Chester co., 1 box, 9th of May, 1 box, 1 bag, (not previously acknowledged.)
Soldiers' Aid, Hughsville, Lyncome co., Miss Emma Middle, Sec'y, 1 bag, 1 box; Sanitary Society, New Paris, Sullivan co., 1 bag; Miss R. E. Taylor, Blair co., 1 box; Miss Ketchum, 1 bag; Soldiers' Aid, Mountain View, Sullivan co., Miss E. C. Blackman, Sec'y, No. 61, the Freedmen's Soldiers' Aid, Fayette, Lyncome co., Miss Jenny O. Sutton, Sec'y, 5 bags, 1 box; Mrs. Petherick, Potomac, Schuylkill co., 1 bag; Central Fair, 1 box, 1 bag; Mrs. Wilson, 1st Pine st., 1 bag; Soldiers' Aid, South Adams, Schuylkill co., Mrs. E. M. Taylor, Sec'y, 1 box, 1 bag; Soldiers' Aid, Cornington, Tenn. co., Miss Fannie A. Dyer, Sec'y, 1 bag; Ladies' Aid, Northumberland, Northumberland co., Mrs. A. F. Trappett, Sec'y, 1 box; Aid Society, Fitchburg, Rock co., Lyncome co., Mrs. A. R. Sprout, Pres't, 1 box; Aid Society, Dimock, Schuylkill co., Miss Woodruff, Sec'y, 1 bag; Mrs. H. P. Taylor, 6th North 10th st., 1 bag; Mrs. A. Russell, Potomac, Schuylkill co., Taylor, 3 bags; Miss M. F. Russell, Potomac, Schuylkill co., 1 bag; Soldiers' Aid, Wash. Schuylkill co., 1 bag; Miss Ketchum, 1 bag; Eagle Mine, Sullivan co., 1 box; Aid Society, West Whitehouse, Chester co., 1 bag; Mrs. Griffith, 1 bag; Aid Society, Lebanon co., Jessie D. Reed, Sec'y, 5 bags potatoes.

NEW JERSEY.

Soldiers' Aid, Lambertson, Burlington co., B. W. Doughton, Sec'y, 1 box, 1 bag; the Misses Stevens, Princeton, 2 bags; New Egypt and Jacobstown, Ocean co., Miss Fidelity A. Platt, Sec'y, 1 box.

ORIGIN OF BOOTS AND SHOES.—Boots are said to have been invented by the Carthians. They were at first made of leather, afterwards of brass and iron, and were proof against both cut and thrust. It was from this that Homer called the Greeks brazen-footed. Formerly, in France, a great foot was much esteemed, and the length of the shoe in the fourteenth century was a mark of distinction. The shoes of a prince were two feet and a half long; those of a baron two feet; those of a knight eighteen inches long.

A terrible drought prevails in Texas and in Louisiana. The prairies are so baked and so cracked into fissures that horseback travel is dangerous and wheels impossible. Cattle are dying in great numbers because the springs, creeks, bayous and rivers are dried. A recent traveller by the Gulf coast says that he passed thousands of carcasses of cattle which had come to the sea shore and drank salt water until they died.

REMEMBER.—Pack your cases in as small a space as you can, so that you can carry them yourself and not let them annoy others.

The dew is an invisible vapor, which, chilled by the cool surfaces of the flowers, bursts into tears over the beauty that must fade.

The poet, if questioned harshly as to his uses, might be unable to render a better apology for his existence than a flower might.

Manly spirit, as it is generally called, is often little else than the froth and foam of hard-mouthed insolence.

People say, they shell peas, when they unshell them; that they husk corn when they unhusk it; that they dust the furniture, when they undust it, or take the dust from it; that they skin a calf, when they unskin it; and that they scale fishes, when they unscale them. I have heard many men say they were going to weed their gardens, when I thought their gardens were weedy enough already.

RATE OF SPEED.—The ordinary rate of speed per second is as follows:—Of a man walking, 6 feet; of a good horse in harness, 12 feet; of a good sailing ship, 18 feet; of a reindeer in a sled on the ice, 24 feet; of a race horse, 72 feet; of a hare, locomotive or hurricane, 84 feet; of a sound, 1,092 feet; of a cannon ball, 1,344 feet; of the earth's rotation at the equator, 1,521 feet; of the earth's velocity in its orbit, 92,132 feet—19 miles.

AN ACED POST.—The London Field announces the death of "the well-known veteran pony belonging to Mr. Dampier, at the extraordinary age of sixty years."

Human Life.

M. Robbin, an eminent French chemist, in a paper recently presented to the French Academy, gives a prescription for lengthening human life, the efficacy of which he argues very forcibly. He says that "the universal matrix which constitutes an individual in most of our food, after the combustion, is left in our system to ferment and stifle the different parts of the body, and to render imperfect many of the vital processes. He compares human beings to furnaces which are always kindled; life exists only in combustion, but the combustion which occurs in our bodies, like that which takes place in our chimneys, leaves a deposit or residue which is fatal to life. To remove this, he would administer heroic acid with ordinary food. This acid is known to possess the power of removing or dissolving the incrustations which form on the interior carthage and valves of the heart. As buttermilk abounds in this acid, and is, moreover, an agreeable kind of food, its habitual use, it is urged, will free the system from these causes, which inevitably cause death between the seventy-fifth and one hundredth year." Doubtless M. Robbin lived largely upon buttermilk. At least, we do not remember that we have ever seen it dissolved.

HOW PRICES ARE INCREASING.—Coal advanced \$1.35 per ton in New York on Wednesday; four from 50 cents to \$1 per bbl.; wheat, 10 a 15 cents per bushel; pork, \$1.85 per bbl. Sugar has risen five cents a pound since last Saturday. Newspapers in Chicago have increased their price from twenty cents per week to twenty-five, a rise of twenty-five per cent, their expense, they say, being increased sixty per cent. The Pittsburgh Journals are talking of again advancing their prices, and the following reasons are given:—

"Paper next week will be eighteen cents per pound. It is now seventeen. A few weeks ago it was sixteen, while at the breaking out of the war it was only eight cents per pound. Coal, fuel, wages, type, rents, oil, and everything, in fact, which enters into the aggregate cost of publication, has increased in proportion. Each bare sheet of white paper now costs a cent and a half, the very price at which it is furnished to some of our carriers. This continuous advance in the price of paper comes possibly hard on the Chronicle, because it has a very large circulation, and as prices will be the greater in daily circulation, the greater its daily loss. We have long endured heavy drains on us from all quarters, with the hope that they would be but temporary, but they are, on the contrary, daily growing worse and more numerous. Our readers may, therefore, soon expect that the Chronicle will be either advanced in price or reduced in size—it may be both together. The Pittsburgh papers must go up in some proportion with their heavy expenses, or else be conducted at a great and ever-increasing loss to publishers."

JOHN MORGAN AND CLAY'S HORSES.—A gentleman from Lexington, Ky., relates an incident relative to John Morgan which is certainly characteristic of him, whether it be true or untrue. After he had stolen the celebrated race-horse, "Skeedaddle," Mr. Clay started in pursuit with two fine animals, worth over \$800 each, and overtook the freebooter, and offered him both, together with \$800, if he would return the race.

"These will answer your purpose just as well," said Mr. Clay.

John looked at the horses carefully, and said:—

"Well, Mr. Clay, they will answer my purpose as well as Skeedaddle; and as I am disposed to accommodate you—"

Here Mr. Clay's countenance brightened.

"As I am disposed to accommodate you, I will partly comply with your request."

Mr. Clay was puzzled.

"I will partly comply with your request; I'll take these two horses, but I can't give you the other."

Mr. Clay was completely taken aback; but he was not allowed to get away that easy. The soldiers took the six hundred dollars from him, and he was compelled to leave for home on foot, with his pockets empty.—*Nashville Union.*

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—A girl who worked in the laboratory at Arsenal, where the heart-fending calamity occurred on Friday last, escaped from peril by a singular circumstance. The young lady is usually remarkably taciturn, but on the day she felt an irrepressible desire to talk; and for no reason that she can imagine, her tongue ran on at such a rate that she was reprimanded by the overseer of the room. This did not check the unruly member, and finally he sent her home to get rid of her loquacity. Before she reached her dwelling, the explosion occurred, which sent out of existence a score of those who were at work around her.—*Washington Republican.*

JOSEPH COFFIN, Esq., the historian of Newbury, died suddenly on Thursday night, at the age of seventy-three years. He was a most intelligent and diligent antiquarian, universally honored and esteemed. While preceptor of Hampton Academy, he was the instructor of the late Professor Felton, of Harvard College, and John G. Whittier, both of whom had the warmest affection for their old teacher. Although Mr. C. was more than three score and ten years of age, he was of the sixth generation born in the family mansion where he died.

COAL OIL FOR WOUNDS.—An assistant surgeon writing from Gettysburg says, that what water is to a wound in an inflamed state, coal oil is in a suppurating state—it dispels flies, expels vermin, sweetens the wound, and promotes a healthful granulation. He states that he has seen two patients whose wounds have been dressed with it asleep before he was through with the third. This is a remedy easily applied in our hospitals. If it serves to keep away flies, it will add materially to the comfort of the wounded as well as their cure.

A CIRCULAR has been extensively circulated among the English Wesleyan ministers to the effect that any of them desirous of entering the Established Church may be admitted for that purpose into St. Aidan's College on advantageous terms.

The New York Sun says a little girl of that city, who is bed-ridden, prevailed upon her mother to lay her half a dozen fresh eggs. These she placed in her bed, and for some three weeks kept them constantly warm by the heat of her body. A few mornings since the patience of the child was rewarded by a "clutch" of chickens.

Incidents of the War.

It was an imposing scene! A rebel regiment, their bayonets glistening in the shining rays of the setting sun, were having a dress parade on the summit of the Kenesaw Mountain. Below were their rifle-pits, and their comrades' graves occupying them.

A courier dashed up; he hands the adjutant a despatch. It is an order from Sherman, announcing to the troops that Sherman had brought his army no far south that his line of supplies was longer than he could hold; that he was too far from his base—just where their commanding general wished to get him; that a part of their army would hold the railroad, thirty miles north of the Kenesaw, and that the great railroad bridge at Altoona had been completely destroyed; that in a few days Sherman would be out of supplies, because he could bring no more trains through by the railroad. They were urged to maintain a bold front, and in a few days the Yankees would be forced to retreat. Sherman's alliance without the attention which every word of the order receives, as the adjutant reads. Cheers are about to be given, when hark! loud whistles from Sherman's camp, at Big Shanty, interrupt them. The number of whistles increases. Altoona, Ackworth, and Big Shanty depots resound with them. Supplies have arrived. The effect can easily be imagined. The illustration was so apt—the commentary so appropriate—that it was appreciated at the instant. "Bully for the base of supplies!" "Bully for the long line!" "Three cheers for the big bridge!" "Here's your Yankee cars!" "There's Sherman's relations!" "Sheridan was loose along their line for a short time."

There is a tree in front of General Harrow's 4th Division, 15th Army Corps, Sherman's army, which is called the fatal tree. Eight men were shot, one after another, as soon as they advanced to the fatal tree to take a secure position behind its huge trunk. Seven men were shot when a board was placed there with the word "dangerous" chalked upon it. The rebels shot the guide-post into fragments, and a sergeant took his place behind the unsuspecting tree. In less than two minutes two Minie balls pierced the sergeant's body, and he fell, the eighth martyr beneath the shadow of the tree of death.

A correspondent of the Chicago Journal, writing from Sherman's army, says the rebel troops opposed to us are good soldiers and fight well. They are well clothed, well armed, and well fed. They appear to be in good spirits. They are hardly willing to give Sherman credit for ability, and attribute his success to good luck. One old fellow, whom we took prisoner, argued the case very good humoredly, and to himself, very satisfactorily. He said, "You've never had me get us out of them hills, only that Joe Hooker and another regiment flunked us out." We assured the venerable butternut that Joe Hooker and that other "regiment" was very apt to do this sort of thing, and the old rebel closed the argument by "Mebber, mebbe; it does look like you've did it a purpose."

The saloon of a Mississippi River steamboat attacked by guerrillas presents a scene quite as comic as it is exciting. To those who can at all control their nerves, the ludicrous positively banishes all thoughts of the danger—to see great big fellows, with and without shoulder straps, sprawl flat behind every conceivable projection of chair or table at the first rattle of musketry, and going through the absurdly impossible process of trying to make pancakes of themselves. Near to my cabin door where I was sitting reading when the alarm commenced, I saw behind the leaves of a table, piled up about two feet high, a United States officer (not one of the 18th) lying flat on his face, on the top of a negro waiter, and on the top of the latter a gaunt, petrified, long-bearded sutler, whose eyes seemed ready to leap from their sockets. Poor fellow! I know he must have felt as relieved as any of us when we safely reached this place at 11 P. M. of the 23d, and saw the myriad lights of the transports and gunboats reflected in the streams and lighting up the bluffs, giving the appearance of a large and imposing city.—*Red River Correspondence.*

I THOUGHT my mine; I thought the world
Shone forth with joy for me;
I did not dream in after years
Its folly I should see.

But so it proved. I sought her hand—
(I really thought I'd get her.)
But, oh, alas! her answer came—
"Her mother wouldn't let her!"

If a proud man keeps me at a distance,
My comfort is he keeps his distance also.

The faces of soldiers coming out of an engagement, and those of young women going into one, are generally powdered.

An Irishman was indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking raw eggs and reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to bolt a live chicken. The poor bird chirped as it went down his throat, and he very coolly said: "Be the powers, my young friend, you spoke too late."

There is a rat eater giving exhibitions near Carlisle, Eng. The man is a tall Kafir, who wears a head dress and an apron, and eats thirty or forty rats a day, first biting off the heads of the vermin. The police permit these disgusting exhibitions, and the people go to see them.

The Philadelphia Gazette, speaking of a new prima donna, says:—"Her voice is as soft as a roll of velvet, and as tender as a pair of shop-shop pantalons."

A famous musician, who had made his fortune by marriage, being requested to sing in company, "Permit me," said he, "to imitate the nightingale, who never sings after he has made his nest."

A Western court has decided that a kiss is a valid consideration, and forced an old bachelor to redeem the promise made to a pretty maiden that he would give her a pony for a kiss. He had tried to crawl out of his bargain.

THE DEAF HEAR THE GOSPEL.—One of our exchanges says: "Pipes to convey the sound of the minister's voice to deaf people in different parts of the house have been introduced into several different churches in New York, and the deaf can hear the preacher as distinctly as though standing by his side. One instance is related of a person who hears with perfect ease at a distance of eighty feet from the pulpit. The arrangement is certainly a very important one for those whose wants it meets."

Hailstones sometimes fall at the rate of one hundred and thirteen feet in a second, and rain at the rate of forty-three feet in a second.

LATEST NEWS.

Gen. Wilson has just made a raid on the Danville and Richmond Railroad. About twenty miles of the road were rendered completely useless, and a locomotive and train of cars were captured at one station and destroyed. Near Roanoke station the rebels were waiting for Wilson's return, and a fight, which lasted all night and during the morning of the 15th, occurred. The Sixth Corps was sent to the support of Wilson, and was followed by a division of the Second Corps and Colfax' provisional brigade.

A small force of rebels appeared on Wednesday near Harper's Ferry, but did not attempt to do any damage.

Major General Pitt and some of his staff were arrested on Friday by the Sheriff of New York. The representatives of the World and Journal of Commerce is believed to have been the cause of arrest.

The steamship *Amble*, from Liverpool on the 15th ult., arrived at New York on Friday. On the Danes-German question, there was nothing new. Conference met again on the 15th. The British House of Commons had rejected a vote of censure against the government relative to the *Alabama* war. Smith O'Brien died on the 15th. An engagement is supposed to have occurred between the private *Alabama* and the United States steamer *Kearsarge*, at heavy firing had been heard.

IRISH LITERATURE.—A beautiful specimen of the finest Irish lace, value one hundred guineas, has been prepared for presentation to the Prince of Wales, by the ladies of Ireland, in remembrance of the royal marriage.

Talk as you will of the "sovereignty of the white race," there are no sovereigns like yellow ones.

We hear a great deal about the prodigal son. Quite as much might be said about the prodigal father.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—It is confidently anticipated that at no remote period photography will be so far advanced as to be able to give to the eye the various colors of the objects it represents. The colors of the spectrum have been produced on silver plates immersed in a solution of chlorine, but the effect is transitory. Fission is now the great object of which many eminent operators are in search.

The English have a queer way of pronouncing some words. Thus the Christian name of Chomondole is pronounced *Chomley*; and in the same way Waverley is called *Wavley*; St. John is pronounced *Shin*; Gloucester is known as *Chister*; Gloucester as *Glaster*, and Gloucester as *Chster*.

WHAT A NAME!—One of the Sandwich Island Judges is named *I*—that's the way to spell it—but whether it is pronounced *I*, *Little I*—or *Double I*—or *Eye-Eye*—or *My-Eyes*—who knows?

PLEASE RING THE BELL.—*Mischance* (reading the sign)—Please ring the bell. Vy, of course I will! Anything to oblige a person who speaks so peritely!

Some one was informing a German of a brewer who had married a young lady related to a peer, when the German remarked, "Ah, yes; a very proper match. Of course a brewer ought to be connected with the beerage."

If you wouldn't be a trouble, don't be troublesome.

HOMES SHOWN FOR LUCK.—The Princess Helena, who is just sixteen, is on a visit to Balmoral, and lately found two horse-shoes at Allanquoh Farm, which she insisted on taking home with her, laughingly remarking that it was lucky to find a lost horse-shoe. There is in this the touch of nature that levels all distinctions of rank, and makes the world akin.

Silk articles should not be kept folded in white paper, as the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper will impair the color of the silk.

The latest fashion in Washington, of asking a party what they will take to drink, is "Please nominate your poison, gentlemen."

Smith asked Jones what the high price of butter was owing to. "A considerable part of it is owing to my grocer," said Jones, "for it is two months since I have paid him."

"How are you, John?" "Very well, Charley. Come and take a drink, old fellow. Tint often we meet." "That's a fact, John—and when we do it's meet and drink."

It is not difficult to account for the courage of the rebels. Being reduced to skin and bone, they can shrink at nothing.

An Irish woman who narrowly escaped being run over near Bennington, Vt. the other day, indignantly asked the engineer why he didn't turn out for her.

A foreigner, who had mixed among many nations, was asked if he had observed any particular quality in our species that might be considered universal. He replied: "Me tink dat all men love lazy."

If your eyes fail you, go to the stock exchange. You can have your choice of specs there.

Marseilles has suddenly become a great cotton market, from the increased cultivation of cotton in Egypt, Turkey and Italy.

Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

The colors now mainly worn, according to Parisian authority (and these only are to be considered fashionable)—are blonde, periwinkle, gray, salmon, and imperial green.

There has been some dramatical racing at Marysville, California. Five animals "ran." No watch was slow enough to "time" them, and they did their mile in somewhere about a couple of hours, the winner being that one which stuck his neck out farthest on arriving at the judge's post.

An admirer of dogs, having had a new litter of a fine breed, a friend wished him to put him down for a puppy. "I set you down for one a great while ago," was the answer.

Youthful Sewell: "Now, Charley, you're just in time for breakfast—have a cup of coffee!" "Languid Sewell: "Thanks, no! I assure yahn—my dear fellow, if I were to take a cup of coffee in the morning it would keep me awake all day."

I call every man intolerant from principle, who conceives no man can be a man of virtue and probity who does not believe exactly what he does, and unmercifully consigns to perdition all those who do not think like himself.

An Irish baronet some time since hit upon a clever idea for self-protection. Being threatened with death for claiming some rents, he called his tenants together and read out his will, leaving his entire property to a Scotchman. He understood his countrymen, and is alive yet.

LOVE AND GLORY.

She also agreed.
And sighing heavily she reached his side;
Her dark eyes looked unutterably woe.
"No need to part!" she cried.

Gravely he bent to kiss her upturned face:
"My love, a legend should I stay behind
When all my comrades press to win the race?
What glory should I find?"

"O glory, glory!" bitterly spoke she,
"Thou'rt broken many a loving woman's
heart:
What need to stop betwixt my love and me,
That never thought to part?"

"Nay, little wife, unreasoning woman now,
When honor calls a coward only stays!
Perchance a laurel wreath upon my brow
May rest ere many days."

"A few green leaves against a thousand furs!
What of thy little 'olive leaves' at home?
Glory and fame!—a broken heart and tears!
How canst thou wish to roam?" C. B.

LORD LYNN'S WIFE.

CHAPTER X.

NOT IN THE PROGRAMME.

They stood long thus. Neither of the two was in a hurry to break the silence. The music from the ball-room reached them in long rushes of sweet sound, and then died away. Outside the house there was no sound except the jarring cry of a night-bird flitting among the trees, now fast becoming bare of their russet leaves. One other sound there was—a faint rustling, such as the wind might have caused, among the laurels and hollies of the shrubbery; but there was no wind.

Aurelia was quite silent, and so was her companion. But silence is very eloquent sometimes, and each of the two who stood, side by side, on the terrace, knew perfectly well that on the other's ear a casual, indifferent remark would have fallen painfully. Each, by some magnetism of sympathy, seemed conscious of the other's thoughts, and yet no word of love had been uttered.

Lord Lynn felt Aurelia's arm tremble as it rested on his own. He was the first to break the stillness.

"Aurelia," he said, and as he said it, he took her hand, "I asked you to come with me here. I had something to say to you. Can you guess what it is?"

No answer. The pretty hand in Lord Lynn's clasp lay quite still and passive. Aurelia's head was turned away. She was gazing into the dark garden, where the lamps gleamed here and there among the trees. The rustling among the laurel-leaves continued.

"I wished, Aurelia, to know my fate; to ask whether the dear prize I have set my heart on winning can be mine. It is not the first time that I have longed to speak as I now speak; but I did not dare to ask, because I felt how blank and wretched the world would seem to me, were I denied. And it is the old, old story, and is best told in the plain old words. I love you, Aurelia—I have loved you a long time. Can you learn to love me a little? Will you be mine, my very own, my wife?"

The speaker's voice was low as he uttered these words, but it was very distinct, tremulous as it was with unvoiced emotion. Had there been any lurking spy among the thick shrubs beneath, no doubt Lord Lynn's proposal would have reached his ears; but spies, in the nineteenth century, seldom prove about a peaceful country-house, and the feeble stir and sound among the gloomy dark green of the holly-hedges and laurels, which had been merely such as the passage of some bird or animal might have produced, had wholly ceased.

Aurelia did not answer. Maidenly reserve might perhaps have sealed her lips, and for the same cause her fair face might have been averted. Or this appearance of bashful coyness might have been the merest feigning, the comedy, older than the Flood, played out by generations of artful women at the moment when the lover they had used every wile to ensnare was brought to their feet at last. But if that last uncharitable supposition were the truth, it was not the whole truth. Supposing that Aurelia, under her cold exterior, felt a thrill of triumph as she heard Lord Lynn tell his love, there was a well-spring of bitterness in her heart that mingled with the worldly exultation of the victory. Why else was the hand that lay in Lord Lynn's so nerveless and chill, that, but for the dainty glove that enclosed it, its cold contact would have been as the touch of a dead woman's hand?

Why else did a shiver run through the limbs of the proud beauty as she drank in the avowal of the attachment for which she had schemed and striven? Above all, why else did the one word, "wife," lowly murmured, and with almost a moan of anguish, pass her lips? Assuredly there was no acting there. For a moment, Aurelia almost had given up her purpose, as she looked down into the gulf into which she was about to plunge. To reach that gulf, she had plotted and fought her way on, now among thorns, now along paths that seemed strewn with flowers; and now she was on the giddy brink, and she looked down, and it seemed that her fall would be among flowers, too, and that the leap was a safe one, and yet she hesitated. For one brief instant, her good and evil angels strove for the mastery, and it seemed as though the good might prevail. She had done wrong; yes, but perhaps she had not sinned inexplicably; she could draw back, at least, from further guilt.

Lord Lynn spoke again, anxious at her long silence, and sighing ill from it.

"I know," he said, "that I am not worthy of you, except that I love you so much. I have wasted the best years of my youth in idle wanderings, and have made little use of the talents, such as they are, which have been given me. My hope was, that with a home as happy and steadfast as mine might be, if you would share it, Aurelia, I might redeem the wasted past, and be of some real use to England, after all. But I see I have been dreaming. You do not care for me; you do not think me worthy of—"

"Hush!" said Aurelia, interrupting him as he turned towards her for the first time, and speaking with quite unusual energy, and in a broken voice that faltered with real emotion—for the most acute of human beings cannot always suppress their feelings—"hush! your words give me pain. You are worthy!—worthy of more than I can give."

Quick as thought now came the eager question, the half-whispered answer:
"You do care for me, then? Dearest, noblest girl—I may hope, may I not?"

"Yes! If it will really make you happy—yes!"

And Lord Lynn's arm encircled Aurelia's waist as he drew her towards him, and called her, along with fifty fond names, such as lovers need before their bliss, his own, beautiful, glorious wife.

But even at that moment Aurelia turned when pale, as one who sees a spectre, and starting back, pointed to the garden, exclaiming, with a stifled shriek: "There, there!" An instant afterwards, the flash and report of firearms succeeded to that shriek, and a pistol was discharged from amid the dense shrubs below.

With a low moaning cry, Aurelia staggered and fell, a white heap of shining satin and gleaming gems and bare white arms on which the bronze moon flashed in the pale yellow lamp-light. The man to whom she had just pledged her truth was of tried courage, and had faced death in many shapes, and soon dear comrades struck down at his side, but never had he felt such an agony of terror and pain as now. He sprang back from the edge of the terrace, from which he had caught a glimpse of a dark human form bursting its way recklessly through the matted evergreens, and making for the open lawn. The assassin, whoever he might be, was creeping, but he scarcely gave the wretch a thought; his whole soul was wrapped up in Aurelia's fate. Dead! he believed her to be dead, for she did not speak when he raised her from the ground, addressing her the while in words of the tenderest entreaty, begging for a word, as none could beg but a mother beside her dying child or a lover beside his dying mistress. Dead! Half stupefied by the thought, he bore her into the house, meeting numbers of the guests and servants, who came hurrying at the sound of the pistol-shot. He made no answer to their questions; he never stopped or spoke until he reached the ball-room, and laid his fair, insensible burden on a sofa.

Then what a clamor of alarmed voices arose, and next what a hush, a dreadful silence, when none dared, as it were, to speak a word! Dead! surely dead! Yet how beautiful, with an awful beauty she looked, lying there, passive, on the crimson velvet of the sofa, with her haughty head lying helpless on the cushion, her hair loose, and her white face fearfully still and calm. There were stains of blood on her white satin robe, spots of dark tell-tale red on her uncovered neck, and blood was slowly trickling down the white arm that hung loosely down from the edge of the sofa, the rounded, graceful arm, on whose wrist the diamonds glittered still, as in mockery. The oppressive silence was broken by one who had a right to be heard, by poor George Darcy, who came forward, with a great sob, grasped the cold hand, and burst into a passion of tears, such as startled the bystanders, who had seldom given a second thought to the peevish, unpopular man.

"My only child! my own, one lamb! my dear, murdered daughter!"

A great confusion arose; girls and women were sobbing and crying in an anguish of mingled sympathy and terror. Men seemed to speak all at once, loud and angry, and shocked, all questioning, but none able to answer, till some one exclaimed:

"Let me see her! for Heaven's sake, do let me pass. It may not be so bad as they say."

And the crowd made way gladly for Dr. Gillies, the only doctor at the ball, who had come hastening in from the card-room, where the news had reached the whist-party latest of all.

"Dead! no, not dead. I am sure she is alive. I can find no serious wound. The shot, or slug, or whatever the miscreant used, have only grazed her neck. She has fainted, that is all."

And the physician's experience was not at fault. The sofa was wheeled to the open window, and the throng of guests being adjured to stand back, the fresh air, and the cold water the doctor sprinkled on her forehead, produced the usual effect in cases of syncope. Aurelia slightly shivered, moved her arm, and opened her eyes with a heavy sigh.

"Where am I? What has—Is that you, papa? I have been ill, I think, and very troublesome, I am sure."

And she tried to sit up, but catching sight of the blood-drops on her robe, said with a shudder:—"I remember now; that face," and nearly swooned again, while old George Darcy was patting and kissing her hand, and crying over it, and talking to her as if she had been a sick child. It was not his custom to be demonstrative in his parental affection; it was not until his child had been rescued, as it seemed, from the jaws of the grave, that he knew how dear she was to him. Lord Lynn stood near the sofa, very pale, and with eyes that were riveted on Aurelia, and watched her with a jealous tenderness, as if he feared to trust the doctor's favorable verdict. He had no avowed and recognized right, as her father had, to tend her in her helpless state, and he feared to agitate her, which in her weak condition might be dangerous. He had said no word since he bore her in, except the one short speech, "Thank God!" that came from his heart and lips at once, as he heard the assertion of Dr. Gillies that Aurelia was alive, and not much hurt. Indeed, the injuries inflicted by the pistol-shot were very trifling, though all agreed that the alarm might well have produced the worst effect.

But now Lord Lynn was assailed by fifty anxious questions.

"Did you see the man?" "Were there several of them?" "Should you know the fellow again?" "Which way did he go?" "How was he dressed? Had he a smock-frock or a shirt over his clothes? For if so, he's a poacher," and so forth.

And almost every one busied himself or herself with conjectures, as to who the would-be murderer could have been, what were his motives, whom could he have designed to injure? Nobody believed that he was an enemy of Aurelia's, personally. How could a young lady, living under her father's roof, in this our age, have enemies? The idea was preposterous!

"Some cross-grained poacher." "A drunken rascal, bent on practical joking, and loading his pistol or gun with stones or bits of lead." "A ticket-of-leave-man, hoping to rob the house in the confusion." "Some mad beggar."

The last was the most popular hypothesis. It was broached by one of the dragoons from Coventry, and met with immense success; and Lord Lynn was more tormented than ever as he seemed to summon up his reminiscences before replying. At last he spoke, amid perfect silence. All ears were thirsty for his words, and even Aurelia feebly raised herself on her elbow to listen.

"I did see the man; he seemed to have been hidden among the shrubs, and he made a rush for the lawn. He was dressed in dark clothes. I did not see his face at all; I should not know him from Adam."

There was a better and kinder disappointment among the company. Aurelia went back with a deep sigh, very like a sigh of relief. A dispassionate observer might have said that she really seemed glad that Lord Lynn had failed to identify the assassin. But there were no dispassionate observers there; even the doctor was in error.

"You are tired and faint, my dear young lady; and no wonder. The sooner you get to your own room and to bed the better. Could you walk with help or shall we carry you?"

"Thank you, Dr. Gillies; I can walk. I am sure. But you make me out worse than I am. I was silly. I never was so foolish before; and I have stopped the dancing, and spoiled everything. O how silly of me! and how kind you are! I really beg your pardon, dear Lady Midgett."

"I said Aurelia, smiling with dainty white lips, and making a weak effort to rise.

"O, dear Miss Darcy, pray, pray don't. We are only concerned for you; indeed, that is all; and how thankful we are it is now all happily and mercifully over, and no real great harm done to you—and after such a pleasant, delightful evening! O, we should never have forgiven ourselves!"

Fifty female voices said these words as with one breath; and they crowded about Aurelia, and would have smothered her with well-meant caresses but for the doctor's stern authority. As for Lucy Mainwaring, she took Aurelia's hand and kissed it, weeping the while. She saw nothing in her but a dear friend, brought back to her by calamity, not a rival. There was no rivalry in Lucy's heart. But by this time Lord Lynn had rallied his faculties, more disturbed by Aurelia's danger than the least, tried soldier could have thought possible.

"Get lanterns, gentlemen," he said. "Get some of the horses in the stables saddled, and send some one to the village to tell the young fellows to turn out and hand down that villain. A large reward, you can say, will—"

"The Home Secretary will no doubt offer a reward—a hundred pounds, I dare say," said Sir Joseph, the county member, looking majestic.

"I will give the reward myself—not one, but five hundred pounds, to the person who captures that scoundrel," said Lord Lynn. "But talking is useless. Don't disturb Mr. Darcy; but pray, send word to the village, and let us search the garden. The Indians in the Far West taught me to follow a trail, and it is strange if he has left no foot prints in the soft mould. Who will go with me?"

"Stop, stop!" cried Aurelia, wildly. "Do not follow him. Pray, let him go. Poor wretch! He is mad, perhaps. It may be a mistake. Do not hurt him. Let him go; please let him go."

"The sooner we get Miss Darcy away, the better," said the doctor, knowingly; "this is too much for any lady's nerves."

The doctor triumphed; and Aurelia, reluctant as she was, was removed to her own room; while a number of gentlemen, among whom some young Nimrods of the county vied with the officers from Coventry in zeal, followed Lord Lynn to the garden. The Guardsman had not made an idle boast of his own powers in tracking a fox. He soon found, among the branches of the evergreens, the blackened wadding of the discharged pistol, and near it footprints deeply stamped into the mossy mould of the garden. These he carefully examined, measured, and proceeded to follow out through the course which the fugitive had pursued when he rushed from the covert. But Lord Lynn, like many another adventurer, was checkmated by the unobtrusive savior of his friends. Had his companions been his old allies—the Big Buffalo, the Black Fox, and other Pawnee or Sioux warriors—or had the young nobleman been alone, all might have been well; but it was found that the Coventry officers and the sporting squires had so trampled the flower beds and turf, scouring lawns and beating thickets with whoop and halloo, with twinkling lanterns and flaring candles, that Chingachgook himself would have been baffled in such a quest. The trail was hopelessly lost.

"We shall catch him to-morrow. The police will put salt on his tail, no fear."

Such were the consolatory assurances of the male part of the company. The carriages rolled up in a long file, and the guests drove off. The Mainwaring's lingered to the last. Lucy, with the hood of her scarlet mantle drawn over her pretty head, came to meet her cousin, her honest brown eyes smiling through tears.

"She is better, Hastings," said the sweet girl, artlessly. "The doctor says she will soon be well now. She has fallen asleep, the house-keeper told me, and sleeps quite gently, like a child, quite worn out, poor thing. I was so glad—so glad."

Lord Lynn turned his own face away from Lucy as he took both her hands and pressed them gratefully. He was very much moved, and he did not wish Lucy to see how much. Perhaps some dim struggling idea was in his mind that he had behaved ill, or at least imprudently, in courting the society of this girl, his kinswoman, as he had done. How she came to him in her unselfish trouble for another! There was no mean jealousy there, neither was there any consciousness in her tone or manner, to tell that she knew why he, of all others, should be interested in Aurelia. There was nothing there but sheer innocent kindness. How, if she should have taken his attentions for more than they were worth? How, if—Absurd!

"Lucy, you are a dear, good girl. Thank you. Few men ever had such a darling little sister as you are. Good night; I shall see you to-morrow."

And he was gone. Lucy thought of his words hours afterwards, when Chanticleer's faint crow came from the home farm, and the day was dawning gray to eastward. Yes, he was very kind, and he had pressed her hands, and his voice had been quite trembling, and unlike what it usually was. Did that mean that he loved her? Or was it only his pity for poor Aurelia Darcy's great danger? Sister! Why did he say that? But he had spoken tenderly; and Lucy fell asleep again, and her dreams were happy dreams.

CHAPTER XI.
RAPPEL.

For some days after the event which had been so near crowning the festivities of the Beecroft ball with a tragic and melancholy end—

ing, Aurelia lay helpless and worn out upon her down pillows, like a hurt bird that has reached the nest only to die there. Not that her life was in any real danger from the slight injuries which the pistol-shot inflicted. The slugs, five or six of which had been picked up on the terrace, fastened by striking against the wall, had but grazed her neck; and even the loss of blood was but trifling. Mr. Gillies and Mr. Barker, called in to consult with Dr. Gillies, agreed more cordially than doctors often agree, that no bad consequences need be feared, narrow as the escape from death had been.

But Aurelia's nerves had been prostrated by the terrible shock; prostrated to an extent doubly surprising in that magnificent organization, so firm in health and vigor of body and mind. So it was, however, that she, who had so long known a day's illness since her infancy, when some calumny was a proverb in the household, and whose strong will was respected by all who approached her, now lay weak and passively, scarcely able to converse even with her father, who spent most of the day at her bedside, reading to her, doing his clumsy best to settle her pillows beneath the restless, uneasy head, and quite covered at the change that had come over her.

It follows as a matter of course that Miss Darcy was quite unable to receive any of the visitors who drove or rode over to the Hall to inquire after her health, or even to reply to any of the numerous kind notes and messages that poured in from all quarters of the compass. I think people liked Aurelia better, now that she was thus brought low by suffering, than ever they had done when they saw her in the pride of her youth and beauty, like some deep-rooted column that seems to bid defiance to tempest and earthquake. Certain it is that they were really sorry for her, and unfeignedly hoped to hear of her recovery. Lord Lynn came every day, and even twice a day. Hollingdale is a good twelve miles from Beecroft, but the young nobleman always seemed to have business which took him some miles further into the country, and he could call at Beecroft on his way back, late in the day, and did so. The servants at the Hall smiled and nodded significantly at one another as they commented on the young man's frequent visits. But his groom could have told them—only that the groom who rode after Lord Lynn was an ex-soldier of his lordship's company of the Foot Guards, and too well drilled into discretion and obedience for such idle tattlings—could have told them that Lord Lynn's ride extended no further than a lonely lane at Grove Ferry, three miles off, much haunted by anglers in summer, and that there he put up his horses, and rambled aimlessly along the river banks, killing time, until the sluggish hours had brought round the moment when he could decently center again into George Darcy's domain, and again ask the gray-haired butler for news of Miss Darcy.

Once Aurelia, whose sense of hearing was morbidly sharpened by the condition of her health, heard her lover's voice at the Hall-door, and the ringing of his bridle, and the pawing of his horse's hoofs upon the gravel. She sent her father down to speak to him; and it was a comfort to Lord Lynn to converse for a minute with George Darcy, because he had just left Aurelia. For the rest, Hastings, Baron Lynn, led but an anxious, uncomfortable life of it. He avoided his friends, even the Mainwaring's. Some feeling, the nature of which he hardly divined, kept him away from Stoke. Lucy waited in vain; he never came; but his chief occupation was way-laying Dr. Gillies, who drove over daily with post-horses from the town where he lived and practised. The young lord was always meeting Dr. Gillies on his return journey, now on the rushy common at Bittenham, now on the broad flint-strewn road near Redbarn, now on the wooded hill of Nutcase, where many a high way had lurked in George III.'s time. The very postillions learned to pull up their nags by instinct, when they saw Lord Lynn; and the old physician's eyes always twinkled slyly as he responded to the young man's questions. Dr. Gillies had eyes to see into such a millstone as that of this excessive interest on the part of a man of eight or nine and twenty for a beautiful patient of his.

Miss Crawe came over, and earnestly begged to see her once intimate friend. Her visit was kindly meant. If Aurelia would have let her in, she would have found that Miss Crawe, softened for the moment, had left herself behind her in her pilgrimage from Patcham Cross Roads. Not a word would have been spoken of Tom's blighted aspirations as a paymaster, nor of Willie's expensive cramming for the Civil Service of his country. But Aurelia would not see Miss Crawe, showed an invalid's petulance and repugnance at the mention of her name, and begged her father to go down and get rid of the tiresome intruder; a commission which George Darcy executed with more docility than tact. Miss Crawe feeling her well-meant advances snubbed—she had sent up a note offering to nurse Aurelia, and saying with perfect truth that she had been accustomed to be useful and quiet in a sick chamber from very early days—went home in dejection; and self, that vicarious selfishness on behalf of her kith and kin, which she wallowed in as a virtue, resumed dominion over her. She resolved to await Aurelia's recovery—it would be but humane to delay thus far—and then!

Lucy Mainwaring had made a similar offer to that of Miss Crawe. It seemed natural to make it, on the part of those who had known the Darcies well, and who pityingly remembered that Aurelia had no mother, sister, or female relative to be beside her in sickness—only servants, and her father, who was a sorry nurse, for all his affection and sympathy. But Aurelia said No to this proffer too, only that the refusal was more courteously conveyed. She should get on very well, she was sure, with Jennings, her maid, and Mrs. Stark, the housekeeper, an experienced woman. Mrs. Stark was aunt to Jennings, and therefore those two were confidential with one another, instead of being sworn foes, as is commonly the case between two such high feminine officials in a large household.

"I went into Mrs. 'relia's room," said Mrs. Stark over a cup of tea, "and I had my list slip-pers on, of course, and was particular careful about noise; so I couldn't be heard, no more than the cat could. And I was close to the bed-curtains, and I heard her talking to herself in a moan, like. 'That face! ah, that face!'"

Was all she said, but the way she said it made my flesh creep, I can tell you. Then I suppose I gave a start, for she said: 'Is that you, Stark?' and of course there was an end of it. A curious thing, wasn't it?"

"Very curious," said Jennings thoughtfully, letting the cambric she was hemming drop on her lap. "I never could make her out; she's as

close as wax; but I suspect she has something on her mind. That early with the book, waiting her foot before breakfast, and never coming, wasn't natural. She's a deep one; but she isn't quite right, somehow."

There were other visitors, however, whom Aurelia evinced a strange wish to see, when once she was sufficiently recovered to go down stairs leaning on Mr. Darcy's arm, and to sit propped with cushions in a deep arm-chair in the Oak Room. Her father did not like her to see the visitors above mentioned, lest their remarks and the associations thereby suggested should prove perniciously affecting to her nervous but she insisted, and carried her point. Some of these visitors were blue coats, admirably habited all over the front; others were in blue coats with white laces on the cuffs, and stripes on the arms; and others were in plain clothes, but had thick blacker boots, and red cotton handkerchiefs in the corners of their hats. In a word, they all belonged to the police.

For the first time in his life, almost, George Darcy, as Hastings had had his own way, continued to Aurelia's bedside chamber. He had meant to come to be nursed up for the last time, on dead-wall, and home-keeping, and ready to offer rewards for the apprehension of the man who had lurked in the shrubbery, and fired the pistol at Aurelia. He had been commissioned with the county police, had accompanied with Scotland Yard, and had come on the Joseph to memorialize the Home Office. Her Majesty's government had offered a hundred pounds for the capture and conviction of the would-be murderer, described in bureaucratic language as "some person or persons unknown;" and as Lord Lynn's offer of five hundred for the same result was known to the constabulary, every blue-coat in the service of Madam Justice was doing his best to secure the prize. Inspectors, sergeants, detectives, and superintendents, local and metropolitan, came and went, sitting and poring about the country, like hounds on a cold scent; but though several suspicious-looking persons were apprehended, all but were proved in every case.

It was remarkable with what interest Aurelia listened to these professional persons as they disconnectedly related to her paymaster and employer the efforts they had made, and the utter futility of their researches; and Mr. Darcy was almost provoked by the evident pleasure, inexplicable to him, with which his daughter heard of the assassin's continued impunity.

"I always told you, papa, that I wished the poor wretch to go free. He has not done much harm. I dare say it was a mistake. I forgive him from my heart, and I do wish you would let the matter rest."

No she said. Very Christian, and very proper, this forgiving spirit, Mr. Darcy thought; but he was of more earthly mould, and would very much have liked to see the villain swinging in the air, below the platform on the roof of Warwick Jail; or, if that were impracticable, at least safely caged for life. But these hopes seemed doomed to disappointment, for one day one of the smartest of the county police-officers, who had played his part with a sleuth-hound's astuteness throughout, entered the Oak Room. It was evident from the man's face that he had something to tell, and his tale was briefly this: At a place called Grove Ferry, on the river-bank, he had seen some children trying with long poles to fish something black out of the water, where it was floating among the sedges. This object attracted the policeman's eye, always on the look-out for any seeming trifles that might be of use in his quest, and he soon contrived to draw it out of the river. It proved to be a man's hat, wet and sodden by long immersion, and crushed out of shape, but quite distinguishable.

"A silk hat," observed the sergeant, telling off the points on his fingers: "very decent sort of the, but not fashionable; not such as a well-to-do man would wear. Maker's name, O'Rourke, Dublin. So the customer we are looking after has most likely been lately in Ireland. We shall write to Dublin, of course, and try to find out the purchaser of the hat, though the number is hard to make out. Perhaps you, sir, or the young lady, may guess who did the trick, now we know the hat to be Irish."

Aurelia, at this appeal, made a slight sign of dissent. Mr. Darcy snapped at the speaker: "Ireland! what has that to do with it? How do you know that the owner of the hat had anything to do with the late wicked outrage here?"

The sergeant smiled contemptuously behind his white Berlin glove. He had seen Mr. Darcy once or twice, and had a poor opinion of that gentleman's acuteness; but he set to work, with respectful gravity, to explain:

"I mentioned before, sir, when I had the honor to be admitted, that we had found some traces of the party in your garden, among the laurels where the pistol was fired. The garden had been so stamped and cut about by folks tramping here and there, looking for the party, that to track any cove there was like hunting for a needle in hay. But there were five very good plain footprints found among the laurels, in a place some way off, where the burned pistol-wadding was picked up, and where nobody had ranged about as they had elsewhere. These five footprints were all cut carefully out, and carried to the station as gingerly as if they'd been spun-glass, and we divided them. I got a plaster of Paris cast made of the one that fell to my share, and I studied it, and examined it, and spent my spare minutes a-thinking about it, until I felt quite sure I could pick it out of a thousand. There was a particular high heel to the boot that made it, a high heel and a thin sole; French-made boots, I reckon; but that any charity-boy could have made out for himself. What I did notice was, that the heel was a good deal worn away on one side, and yet the boot wasn't trodden out of shape, as often happens. I should guess that the party it belonged to had a trick of drumming on the ground with his foot, bringing the heel down upon a stone or a block of wood, or what not, while he was thinking, or talking, or—"

Aurelia made a slight but abrupt motion forwards, a very trifling start; but it was the policeman's business to see small signs, and he saw this, though Mr. Darcy did not.

"Beg your pardon, Miss. I fancied you had remembered something to give us a clue. Perhaps you have known somebody who had such a habit as that?"

But Aurelia's voice was perfectly composed as she said that Sergeant Miller was mistaken; she was merely surprised at the address that could extract evidence from such trifles. The active officer swallowed the compliment as a pike bolt, a minnow. He bowed, and chuckled before he went on to say that he knew the footprint so accurately, that when he had drawn the hat ashore, and had proceeded to inspect the moist

out of the bank, her and swampy in that place, he had instantly recognized certain half-faded marks, leading to the river, as caused by the same tread which had left his impression in the slabs.

"The steps went to the river," said the sergeant hesitatingly; "but never a one came back. The ship was not right in his head, we all feel sure of that. Mad or drunk he must have been, for an execution in his count would have been based on; and though there are plenty of ill-conditioned scoundrels at liberty, no one could have had a grudge against the young lady, that's certain. Once the superintendent fancied it was my lord the shot was intended for, but that's not likely. His lordship has been half his life abroad, don't presume to speak of, don't act as a magistrate, nor nothing. The chap that we're after is just dead, one at least, for it's my belief he's drowned himself."

George Darby was quite shocked. He thought the pailers a fit down for any man, in his right mind, who should have attempted to cut short his daughter's young life by a wanton act of spite or revenge. But the idea of some poor creature of disordered intellect making the mad-dream attempt, and then escaping human chastisement by a self-inflicted death, horrified the master of Beethborough. The sergeant went on—

"Drowned! It's the first idea comes into the head of a poor crazy creature in trouble to go and get out at the bottom of the black water; and it's likely enough that this one did as they mostly do. We got the drugs, and we dragged every yard of the river for half a mile or more; and we found nothing. But there came a fresh idea after your ball, sir, and there was rain enough, and flood enough, to wash the body half-way to the sea. Most probably he'll never be found now."

"Then you really think—he is—dead—drowned?" Aurelia's gray eyes looked larger than usual, and her white face more drawn and eager as she asked this.

Her father begged her not to excite herself. The sergeant eyed her stealthily before he answered, weighing every word:

"Miss, I do believe it; so do we all. 'Tis not my fancy, but the judgment of every one of the superior officers among us, as well as the London gentlemen from the Yard. He's dead and drowned, poor chap."

"Poor wretch, poor wretch! Heaven help and forgive him! Heaven pity him! Oh what have I done!" broke out Aurelia in a hoarse harsh tone, quite unlike the usual soft music that dropped from her lips; and a few great tears gathered in her eyes, and blinded her, to her father's surprise, for she did not weep, as most girls do, easily and for light cause. It took as much grief or pain to dim Aurelia's gray eyes as it does to wring tears from a strong man. Impetuously, she bit her lip till it bled, and dashed the drops away with her weak hand. "I was—shocked; it is over now," she said, slowly, and gave her father a look which, for a wonder, he understood; and thereupon the policeman was fired and civilly dismissed.

"You have agitated yourself too much, my love," said her father, chidingly; "it was wrong, very wrong. What would Dr. Gillies say?"

"No, papa, for I feel better already. I shall get well and strong very soon now, you will see. I know I am a true prophet!" And Aurelia laughed, but there was no merriment in her laugh.

Meanwhile the police-sergeant, jolting home in his gig, muttered this colloquy: "Something amiss with that young lady. A screw loose, or I'm not John Miller. She knows more than she cares to tell. Pooh! that's an old story with women. Mr. D. behaved decently, though. Ten shillings besides expenses. We share at the station; I suppose that I ought to pouch half."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Cavalry Horse.

The cavalry horse is quite as familiar with the long lists of varying trumpet signals as the rider himself; he stops instantly when the signal for halting is sounded; passes from a walk to a trot, from a trot to a gallop, without requiring any reminder from spur or rein. If his rider fall in battle, or lose his stirrups, he stops in a moment, and waits for him; if he remain lying on the ground, he stoops his head, smells at him, and when he ascertains that there is no hope of his resuscitating, makes his way back to his troop, wedges himself in his place in the ranks, and shares afterwards in the movements of the rest. Music has an amazing influence over him. If an air be suddenly struck up, you will see the worn-out and mortally tired horse raise his sick head, prick up his ears, become animated, and move briskly forward to the front.

During a halt, or when quartered for the night, the cavalry division stretched out on the ground, lies sleeping confusedly together, a jumbled mass, which it would be impossible to disentangle; men and horse side by side, the rider using his horse as a pillow, or rolling himself beside it to shield himself from the cold, the faithful creature seldom changing the position it has once taken. If it did so, it is with the greatest precaution; first it moves its head and legs, endeavoring gently to free itself; then it raises or turns itself very slowly and carefully, so as not to trample upon or disturb those who surround it. If the halt takes place when the ground is wet or frozen, the rider will gladly force his horse to one side after it has lain down awhile, which by that time is warm, if not dry.

The most affectionate relationship subsists between man and horse, as the result of their thus living together. The animal seems to understand everything connected with his rider; he knows his master's step, his peculiar ways; knows how to seek him out from among others; is a faithful, disinterested companion and friend to him, and has this advantage over many another good comrade—that he does not grow weary even of suffering for him.

An evidence of presence of mind worthy of consideration by all young women who read by candle or gaslight, is related by an English paper, of a lady whose dress caught fire from such a cause, and being in her bed-room, she immediately jumped into bed and drew the clothes over her; and having thus put out the fire without difficulty, she escaped without material injury.

Twelve should be taking measures for raising their voices under the anticipated call for \$10,000 men. Town meetings for this purpose have already been called in some places.

One fellow says, when his stockings were out, he wore up the tops straight across, and put them on his feet the other way, thus making a good fit for square-toed boots.

THE SMUGGLER'S TRICK.

Founded on Fact.

"That's the coast-guard station, is it not?" I said, looking at the building he pointed me out, and wishing to change what I knew must be a painful subject. "Do you often have any smuggled goods landed at Elrin?"

"Very few, indeed, they keep such an uncommon sharp look-out now-a-days; when I was a boy a deal of business used to be done, and they say so how the great people at the castle were not above trying it on now and then."

"When do you last remember any goods being smuggled on shore?" I said, seeing from a grim sort of a smile, that he had a good story if he would but tell it.

"Two years ago, come January, was the last time as ever it was tried on, mayhap, sir, you would like to hear about it? Though part seems rather odd like, here goes."

"Two years ago, come January next, a ship, looking like a collier coming from Newcastle, anchored in the cove; it was a clear frosty morning, with a sharp breeze from the east, which prevented many from going out fishing. About twenty of us were gathered round the benches in front of the coast-guard station yonder, when we saw this ship letting down her anchor."

"What ship be that?" said I; "isn't the 'Tilda,' what brings coals to the Elrin wharf, Jack, says I to my son, 'out home and get the glass, and let's see what we can make of it.'"

"Just as Jack comes with the telescope, up comes Lieutenant Barnes, who commands the station."

"What do you make of it, my man?" says he.

"Make of it, Captain?" says I, (we all call him Captain), "make of it? why nothing at all; 'tain't the 'Tilda,' though she seems to be a collier."

"A salvage case, perhaps," says he; "but we shall hear all about it directly, as they are letting down the boat, I see."

"In a few minutes the boat was at the shore, and a man with a thick serge coat and very large buttons, jumped out and walked up towards the place where we were standing."

"Does your parson live near here, mates?" says he, as he came up the gangway."

"Parson," says old John Piler, who loves his joke, "to be sure he does, and he'll marry you as well as any one along the coast, as no doubt you have heard, and come about."

"This sally was received with shouts of laughter by all except the man with the big buttons, who put on a most uncommon sad face, and pulled out a large handkerchief, with which he began to mop his eyes."

"'Taint my getting married," says he, "I be come about. Yonder ship be the collier Mary Ann Darley, of Newcastle; and it be along of Mary Ann Darley that I be here to-day."

"Eh, then, wants to get married, only it's not to you," said old John; "and that's why you puts on such an uncommon long face. Well, I be sorry for you, mate; that I be."

"Mary Ann Darley, who was the beloved wife of our skipper, George Halford Darley, and after whom the ship was named, is dead—dead as a red herring," said the man, with a voice full of anguish, which made old John look ashamed of his former jokes. "No, mates, without any more trifling with my feelings, which are such as I can't express, tell us where your dear parson lives, because our skipper's mind be in such a state, that he says nothing but the consolation your vicar can give, of whom he has often heard, can do him any good."

"This compliment to our minister, the Rev. Mr. Coles, whom we all loved, and of whom we were not a little proud, and the expression of deep sorrow on the man's face, turned all our sympathies towards him, and we all volunteered to show him the way to the vicarage."

"In less than half an hour we saw our minister's tall, thin figure coming down the village with the man with the big buttons, and in another ten minutes he was on board the vessel."

"In about an hour's time the boat landed Mr. Coles again, who, as he passed us, stopped to shake hands with the Lieutenant, who had again joined us, bringing his own glass with him."

"Most interesting case," said the vicar. "I never saw a man more completely prostrated by grief. Poor fellow! his wife dead—just three days—only been married two years! I never witnessed more sympathy exhibited for any one than the whole crew expresses towards him; to see it was quite charming. The man with those large buttons is a good, honest, sailor-like fellow, with the tenderest of hearts. I was deeply interested in all the particulars of the young woman's death, which he told me. He ended by beseeching me to persuade the skipper to bury his wife, as the crew can't bear a dead body on board ship, and the skipper, he says, is almost always sitting and crying by it. I could not help agreeing with him that it was no use keeping the poor woman above ground."

"And what have you settled to do?" said the Lieutenant, returning his glass into his case.

"Why, of course, the thing was rather irregular, but, as all the men on board seemed very anxious about it, I told the skipper, poor fellow, who seemed as overcome by grief as any man I ever met, that, if he liked, I would perform the last rites over his poor young wife this very afternoon. At first, as I was told to expect, he would not hear of the funeral taking place anywhere but at Newcastle, his home; but after some persuasion he yielded the point, and the thing is all settled; so, as I must tell the sexton to prepare a grave by half-past three, I must not talk any longer; and really, the scene I have just come from makes me feel that I should like to be alone for a time. I am most thankful to say that the conversation I had with the poor fellow has done much to make him resigned. He had heard of me often before, he said, and on his table I noticed my little tract on Resignation, which he told me, to use his own words, had been as balm to his wounded spirit. Very gratifying, was it not? Good morning to you, my dear Lieutenant; good morning, my good men," he added, as we raised our caps to him, and saw his kindly face turn towards home."

Before long the bell began to toll, and as I went home to my dinner I saw the sexton hard at work at the grave, which, at the skipper's request, was to be made on the side nearest the sea, and furthest from the village, since he told the vicar it would be so comforting, when his ship passed by Elrin, "to see the spot where his Mary Ann was sleeping."

The report that there was to be a funeral from the strange ship in the cove, spread like wildfire through the village, and half an hour

before the body was to leave the ship the cliff was crowded by the villagers, the women, with their shawls tied over their heads, leading their children by their hands.

"Funnels are always a great attraction to our people, but when the last Earl at the castle was buried, none had caused so much interest as this."

"Four Skipper Darley?" says my old woman, "won't he feel lonesome just when he gets back to his ship without his missus?"

"Worry," says I, "no doubt; he ain't been married more nor two years. Lor, what a good sort of a female she must have been, all the crew seem so fond of her; look you here, old lady, through the glass. D'ye see the figure-head of the vessel yonder?"

"Yes," says she, resting the glass on my shoulder; "a figure of a woman in a green gown and yellow hair."

"That be no doubt an exact likeness of Mary Ann Darley," says I; "it's a very common plan these, and as old Capt. West, as commanded the 'Tilda' years ago, used to say: 'Whenever I follows my wife I go right; as I sticks her at the end of my vessel, the 'Tilda' allers goes right.'"

"Lor!" says my wife, again looking through the glass, "how beautiful Mrs. Mary Ann Darley must have been! Never did I see such a bust, hair and hearings. They are coming at last; the boats are being let down."

The church bells tolled sadly through the keen frosty air, and there was not a heart among all those on the cliff that did not feel the deepest sympathy for the widowed skipper."

Slowly, and with a long measured stroke came the two boats, into the first of which we had noticed the coffin being lowered."

The bier had been taken down to the shore, so, when they had all landed, the coffin was placed upon it, and borne up the gangway by four of the crew."

The other four came behind; the skipper, who appeared dreadfully agitated, leant heavily on the arm of the man with the big buttons, his face buried in his handkerchief, from which at times we could hear a deep sob."

Up the little street the procession went, and among all the women there was not an eye that was not filled with tears."

"Poor fellow!" said my wife, "he do take on terrible, to be sure, that he certainly does. How kind his friend seems to him, 'tain't he crying just a little too?"

Mr. Coles met them at the church gate, and, with some sixty others, they entered the church. I and my wife stood at the corner of the yard and waited till they came out, which they did before long, and the coffin was lowered into the grave as the clock began to chime four."

After it was all over, Mr. Coles went up and shook hands, in his kind way, with the skipper, and tried to console him. Much he seemed to require comforting, poor fellow!"

"Just let me look once more at my Mary Ann's coffin—once more look at Mary Ann Darley's grave afore they fills it up for ever."

"Come along, poor mate," said his friend, "and don't take on so terrible. I have spoke to the kind vicar, and he says he will see to the monument being erected right when you sends the design from Newcastle. Only think, how comforting it will be, when you be sailing along past this here place with coals, to be able just to look through the glass and say, 'I can see the place where, underneath an illigant tomb, rests Mary Ann Darley what was so very dear to me as a wife and all those who know her be as a sister.'"

These words seemed to have a comforting effect on the mind of the widower, who suffered himself to be led away, saying, in tones which deeply moved us all, "Bless your good vicar, what wrote that tract, which alone pervades me following my Mary Ann to the grave broken-hearted."

The bell began once more to toll, as the sexton filled up the grave, and hid from the admiring sight of the boys the rows of brass nails, which told that Mary Ann Darley was cut off at the early age of twenty-six."

"Cut off as a tulip," said the sexton, who always improved the occasion to the bystanders; "and her husband remains as an ostrich alone in the desert; and how I wonders he did not have a prick grave, which would have made her comfortable, and been 2s. 4d. into my breeches' pockets, which, as my wife has twins again, would be acceptable—very."

"Bless ye, John," says my old woman, as we walked home, "I don't know what ye would do without poor missus, to get your meals ready and take the inside out of fishes, nor I without my old man; and it's thinking of this that makes me feel so sad about this poor young man as has lost his Mary Ann, which must have been very beautiful, if she was any way like the figure on the ship, which was most pleasing as seen through your glass."

"I had that evening, I remember, left a net on the sea-shore, and as I passed the coast-guard station I saw the Lieutenant was watching the ship, which had not yet started. He called me up into the guard-room where he was seated."

"Bill," says he to me, "three of my men unfortunately are at Darling this week. I must have at least five men to-night; so, if you wish to earn a good night's wages, be down at my house before eight this evening."

Before the appointed time I was at the Lieutenant's house; four of the coast-guard were seated round the kitchen fire, each armed with a musket and cutlass."

"This is for you," said the Lieutenant, handing me a cutlass and long pistol. "Now follow me."

"Where are we to go to?" said I to the man with whom I had to walk."

"To church," says he.

"To church?" says I. "What a rum go!"

"A rum go, indeed," says he; "only it's orders not to talk—so don't ax no more questions."

It was a clear night, and the frosty tombstones looked like ghosts as we entered the church, the key of which the Lieutenant had got. In a few minutes we were seated round the stove in the vestry, which we had lighted. A window was just opposite, and where I was sitting I could see the light of the strange ship in the cove, and a few yards before us was the new-made grave of the skipper's wife."

"I think we must have out more than three hours, when I noticed the light on the ship, which it was my turn to watch, moving; and through the night-glass I could see that a boat was being lowered into the sea. I called the attention of the Lieutenant to this fact, who said, 'All right—I thought so; but as they won't think of landing sooner than the rains, we shall have to wait some time yet, I'll be bound.'"

"In less than an hour after this, just as the clock was chiming twelve, I distinctly saw four figures clambering over the church wall. Two of them stopped short and hid themselves under the shadow of an old tombstone, evidently to keep watch. The other two, keeping as much as possible out of the moonlight, advanced to the new-made grave before the window."

"I can't tell you my horror when I saw the two men, whom I recognized as the skipper and his friend with the big buttons, proceed to take off their coats and set to work with shovel and pickaxe to open the grave."

"He can't make up his mind to leave his dear wife after all!" I whispered to the man next me, who was carefully examining the priming of his musket."

"Don't talk, you fool," says he. "Let him have his wife if he likes. Remember, silence is orders, and no lights!"

"For another three-quarters of an hour we sat quieter than ever. 'Now's the time,' says the Lieutenant—they're lifting the coffin out. You, John, and George Pankard, go through the south door, and mind you cut them off if they try to get through the village gate; don't use your muskets unless you can't help it, but don't let them get away. Now you three others come with me; directly I open the vestry door, rush out and handcuff them before they have time to get up from the coffin, which they are now opening. Are you ready?" says the Lieutenant, cocking his pistol. "Now then, here goes, and look sharp." With a loud crack flew open the vestry door, and out we rushed; and before the two men had time to rise from their knees they were safely secured with the handcuffs we had brought with us."

"Very neatly done," said the Lieutenant, as in a few seconds' time John comes up to say that they had secured both the other men."

"Take the coffin to the station-house," said the Lieutenant; and so we did, and opened it at once. In it, instead of the young wife with the yellow hair, we found a large collection of silks, tobacco, and other contraband goods. The clever rascals had hit upon this plan of getting their things on shore, knowing how strict the officers were in looking over every box that was landed."

"Ah!" said the Lieutenant, as he finished overhauling the coffin; "I expected as much. Directly I saw that artful scoundrel with the big buttons, I felt almost sure I had seen him before; and now I know it's no other than the man who took me in so cleverly ten years ago when I had the command at Darling; but I'm equal with him now, anyhow."

RANDOLPH PIGOTT.

MECHANICAL INVENTIONS And Inventors.

(CONCLUDED.)

Indeed, many inventions appear to be coincident. A number of minds are working at the same time in the same track, with the object of supplying some want generally felt; and guided by the same experience, they not infrequently arrive at like results. It has sometimes happened that the inventors have been separated by great distances, so that piracy on the part of either was impossible. Thus, Hadley and Godfrey almost simultaneously invented the quadrant, the one in London, the other in Philadelphia; and the process of electrotyping was invented at the same time by Mr. Spencer, a working chemist at Liverpool, and by Professor Jacobi at St. Petersburg. The safety-lamp was a coincident invention, made about the same time by Sir Humphry Davy and George Stephenson; and perhaps a still more remarkable instance of a coincident discovery was that of the planet Neptune, by Leverrier, at Paris, and by Adams at Cambridge.

It is always difficult to apportion the due share of merit which belongs to mechanical inventors, who are accustomed to work upon each other's hints and suggestions, as well as by their own experience. Some idea of this difficulty may be formed from the fact, that, in the course of our investigations as to the origin of the planing-machine, one of the most useful of modern tools,—we have found that it has been claimed on behalf of six inventors—Fox of Derby, Roberts of Manchester, Matthew Murray of Leeds, Spring of Aberdeen, Clement and George Renie of London; and there may be other claimants of whom we have not yet heard. But most mechanical inventions are of a very composite character, and are led up to by the labor and the study of a long succession of workers. Thus, Savary and Newcomen led up to Watt; Cugnot, Murdoch, and Trevithick, to the Stephensons; and Maule, to Clement, Roberts, Nasmyth, Whitworth, and many more mechanical inventors. There is scarcely a process in the arts but has in like manner engaged mind after mind in bringing it to perfection. "There is nothing," says Mr. Hawkshaw, "really worth having, that man has obtained, that has not been the result of a combined and gradual process of investigation. A gifted individual comes across some old footmark, stumbles on a chain of previous research and inquiry. He meets, for instance, with a machine, the result of much previous labor; he modifies it, pulls it to pieces, constructs and reconstructs it, and, by further trial and experiment, he arrives at the long-sought-for result."

But the making of the invention is not the sole difficulty. It is one thing to invent, said Sir Marc Brunel, and another thing to make the invention work. Thus when Watt, after long labor and study, had brought his invention to completion, he encountered an obstacle which has stood in the way of other inventors, and for a time prevented the introduction of their improvements, if not led to their being laid aside and abandoned. This was the circumstance that the machine projected was so much in advance of the mechanical capability of the age that it was with the greatest difficulty it could be executed. When laboring upon his invention at Glasgow, Watt was baffled and thrown into despair by the clumsiness and incompetency of his workmen. Writing to Dr. Roebuck on one occasion, he said, "you ask what is the principal hindrance in erecting engines? It is always the smithwork." His first cylinder was made by a whitewitch, of hammered iron soldered together, but having used quicksilver to keep the cylinder air-tight, it dropped through the inequalities into the interior, and "played the devil with the solder."

Yet, inefficient though the whitewitch was, Watt could ill spare him, and we find him writing to Dr. Roebuck almost in despair, saying, "My old white-iron man is dead!" saying

© International Address delivered before the Institution of Civil Engineers, 14th January, 1862.

his loss to be almost irreparable. His next cylinder was cast and bored at Carron, but it was so untrue that it proved next to useless. The piston could not be kept steam tight, notwithstanding the various expedients which were adopted of stuffing it with paper, cork, putty, pasteboard, and old hair. Even after Watt had removed to Birmingham, and he had the assistance of Boulton's best workmen, friction expressed the opinion, when he saw the engine at work, that notwithstanding the excellence of the invention, it could never be brought into general use because of the difficulty of getting the various parts manufactured with sufficient precision. For a long time we find Watt, in his letters, complaining to his partner of the failure of his engine through "villanous bad workmanship." Some times the cylinders, when cast, were found to be more than an eighth of an inch wider at one end than the other; and under such circumstances it was impossible the engine could act with precision. Yet better work could not be had. First-rate workmen in machinery did not as yet exist; they were only in process of education. Nearly everything had to be done by hand. The tools used were of a very imperfect kind. A few ill-constructed lathes, with some drills and boring-machines of a rude sort, constituted the principal furniture of the workshop. Years after, when Brunel invented his block-machines, considerable time elapsed before he could find competent mechanics to construct them, and even after they had been constructed he had equal difficulty in finding competent hands to work them."

Watt endeavored to remedy the defect by keeping certain sets of workmen to special classes of work, allowing them to do nothing else. Fathers were induced to bring up their sons at the same bench with themselves, and initiate them in the dexterity which they had acquired by experience; and at Bho it was not unusual for the same precise line of work to be followed by members of the same family for three generations. In this way a great degree of accuracy of a mechanical kind was secured as was practicable under the circumstances. But notwithstanding all this care, accuracy of fitting could not be secured so long as the manufacture of steam-engines was conducted mainly by hand. There was usually a considerable waste of steam, which the expedients of chucked paper and greased hats packed outside the piston were insufficient to remedy; and it was not until the invention of automatic machine-tools by the mechanical engineers about to be mentioned, that the manufacture of the steam-engine became a matter of comparative ease and certainty."

Watt was compelled to rest satisfied with imperfect results, arising from imperfect workmanship. Thus, writing to Dr. Small respecting a cylinder eighteen inches in diameter, he said, "at the worst place the long diameter exceeded the short by only three eightieths of an inch." How different from the state of things at this day, when a cylinder five feet wide will be rejected as a piece of imperfect workmanship if it be found to vary in any part more than the eighteenth part of an inch in diameter!

Not fifty years since it was a matter of the utmost difficulty to set an engine to work, and sometimes of equal difficulty to keep it going. Though fitted by competent workmen, it often would not go at all. Then the foreman of the factory at which it was made was sent for, and he would almost live beside the engine for a month or more; and after casting her here and screwing her up there, putting in a new part and altering an old one, packing the piston and tightening the valves, the machine would at length be got to work. Now the case is altogether different. The perfection of modern machine-tools is such that the utmost possible precision is secured, and the mechanical engineer can calculate on a degree of exactitude that does not admit of a deviation beyond a thousandth part of an inch. When the powerful oscillating engines of the "Warrior" were put on board that ship, the parts, consisting of some five thousand separate pieces, were brought from the different workshops of the Messrs. Penn and Sons, where they had been made by workmen who knew not the places they were to occupy, and fitted together with such precision, that so soon as the steam was raised and let into the cylinders, the immense machine began as if to breathe and move like a living creature, stretching its huge arms like a newborn giant, and then, after practising its strength a little and proving its soundness in body and limb, it started off with the power of above a thousand horses to try its strength in breasting the billows of the North Sea.

Such are among the triumphs of modern mechanical engineering, due in a great measure to the perfection of the tools by means of which all works in metal are now fashioned. These tools are themselves among the most striking results of the mechanical invention of the day. They are automata of the most perfect kind, rendering the engine and machine-maker in a great measure independent of inferior workmen. For the machine tools have no unsteady hand, are not careless nor clumsy, do not work by rule of thumb, and cannot make mistakes. They will repeat their operations a thousand times without tiring, or varying one hair's breadth in their action; and will turn out, without complaining, any quantity of work, all of like accuracy and finish.

Roebuck's Memoir of Sir J. M. Brunel, 7b. 50. There was the same clumsiness in all kinds of mill-work before the introduction of machine-tools. We have heard of a piece of machinery of the old school, the wheel of which, when set to work, made such a clatter that the owner feared the engine would fall to pieces. The foreman who set it going, after working at it until he was almost in despair, at last gave it up, saying, "I think we had better leave the cogs to settle their differences with one another; they will grind themselves right in time."

FANATICISM AND IDOLATRY.—"The life and character of Robespierre," says Arnold, "has to me a most important lesson. It shows the frightful consequences of making everything give way to a favorite notion. The man was a just man, and humane naturally, but he would narrow everything to meet his own views, and nothing could check him at last. It was a most solemn warning to us what fanaticism may lead to in God's world. Fanaticism is idolatry, and it has the moral evil of idolatry in it. That is, a fanatic worships something which is the creature of his own devices, and thus even his self-devotion in support of it is only an apparent self-sacrifice, for it is in fact making the part of his nature or his mind, which he least values—offers sacrifices to that which he most values."

Hon. Anson Burlingame once made a speech in front of Tremont Temple, in the course of which he spoke of Bunker Hill Monument as "that tall, gray shaft on Bunker's Height." The compositor made it read "that tall gray ship," &c.

